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"The Road to Hell" ---a Special Report

BY JIM COLVIN

(Editor's note: The Valley Star reporter, Jim Colvin was asked by Stop the Flow of Drugs, Inc. to do a special presentation on the destructive consequences of drug abuse. He took to the streets and talked to hard-core users. We can now share with you the results of these encounters, in the first of a series of three articles on drug abuse. We want to caution our readers that the language used here is largely the language of the street. This is done deliberately, in an attempt, not to offend, but to tell the real story.)

On Friday night, October 13, as I stood on the second level of the Sixth Avenue subway station in New York City, waiting for the uptown train, I was conscious of this supposedly unlucky date as I never had been before. I felt this night would be a totally new experience. I had an assignment: this subway was to be my road to Hell.

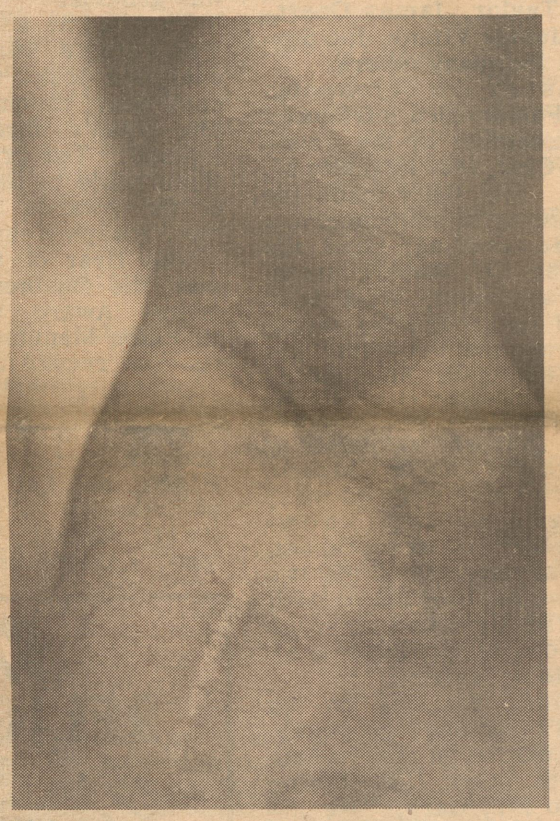
As I stepped onto the E train, I smelled the stink of the latenight riders, instead of the perfumed fragrance of the mid-day Manhattan shoppers. Stumbling finally onto a seat and looking around me, I caught the eye of the subway hustlers, who have a quick eye for a stranger or a cop; they knew I was one or the other.

I climbed the stairway to the 145th Street exit and found myself standing for the first time in the heart of Spanish Harlem, where long-haired boys and girls dressed in identical clothes, making it hard to tell who is who. I stood for a few moments getting my bearings and watching the hustlers and the hookers. One of them, a beautiful long-legged woman, approached me and asked, "What's happening, Dad?"

I told her I was just looking the situation over. Her answer to that was, "What are you, some kind of a damn square?"

Moments later, I was approached by a young man no more than 19 years old; we'll call him Joe.

"Hey, man" said Joe, "you wanna get high?" Here was my first opportunity to get into the real meat of my assignment.



Here's an actual photo of the arm of a heroine addict scarred by needle tracks.

As Joe and I strolled east on 145th Street, there were two things that stood out and still stick in my memory: the garbage cans, lining the sidewalk and stinking, and the dogs, all shapes and sizes, loose and vicious.

When we reached Joe's small basement apartment, this was where the action was, there were guys and girls there who had already had their fixes and were grooving. I worked my way over to a young man, I guessed about 20 years old, lying sprawled out on the floor, eyes red and arms criss-crossed with needle marks. Looking closely at his left arm, I saw a thin trickle of blood, probably from his last frantic, clumsy injection.

I asked the boy if he was afraid he might die. "What the hell," he mumbled, "I've died ten thousand times already." "Why do you say that?" "Who the hell do you think you are anyway?" he said, angrily. I explained briefly that I was on a news assignment, but he was still suspicious. "Are you a nark?" he asked me. He was asking if I was a police narcotics agent, and I knew my safety depended on what I said now. I explained that I was doing a special assignment for a small Midwestern newspaper.

At this point, everyone in the room that was capable of talking began to express themselves freely and without fear. I asked one young girl, whom I'll call Rosa, how it felt to need a fix and not have any money. "I'll do any damn thing under the sun to get money to get my fix. I'll steal, I'll cheat, anything." I asked her to describe the feelings that drove her to do these things, but Rosa was flying and all she could describe was her high, the "everything's groovy" feeling she and right then. But she finally talked about the other side of the coin; the dryness of the mouth, the maddening, endless ringing of bells in the head, the driving need for sweets, just anything sweet.

After talking to some of the others, I finally fought my way out of the basement apartment, which had been a panorama of sick, vomiting people, happy people, crying people, an almost unbelievable sight.

When I got to the top of the stairs, and started east on 147th Street, I began to ask myself some questions, the first of which was, how did I ever get involved in such a twisted world? Before I could answer myself, I happened to notice a couple that seemed to be making an awful lot of noise, standing near a street sign. I made up my mind to cross over and just see what was going on. People had begun to gather around, and it seemed as though there was another new sidewalk show going on.

To my surprise, as I approached the intersection, I noticed that the couple consisted of a Black guy and a Puerto Rican girl. The girl was in a frantic state, screaming, "God damn it, give it here, I gotta have it!" The man was answering, "Look, you haven't got any money, and if you haven't got any money, baby, there's no fix." She kept pleading, "I'm gonna die if I don't get my fix. What do you want, you want my life?"

It seemed so wrong to hear this girl offer her life for nothing, nothing more than a double dose of death. If only she could have stopped, taken a deep breath and asked herself, "What are you doing when you take dope? What are you doing when you make yourself high? When you feel you are giving yourself a second, third or fourth life, is that real? Aren't you really giving yourself a multiple shot of death?"

Drug addiction is a death you die over and over, every hour of every day. And this was so plain in this young girl, standing on the street corner, eyes blood shot, hair standing on end, a wild look in her eye, screaming that she was going to die, and offering her life for nothing. The sad truth was that, that pusher was the one who could have offered her back her life for he held it in his hand.

That's how it is in Spanish Harlem, when you're hooked. The pusher is cruel, he uses you like a catfish on a 10-pound line. He yanks you and twists you around. He puts you through all kinds of changes. He says to you, "You need a fix, I need money. I got the fix, you get the money, I don't give a damn what you do, just get the money, and you get the fix."

And that's what the addicts are doing, they're getting the money. They're walking the streets, they're eyeing the purses, eyeing the windows they're watching slow-moving cars tied up in the city traffic, and everything in sight is a target. It's a hell of a world. That's Harlem.

Now I head down to the 157th Street subway station. I feel I have learned from those first contacts, and ready for the rest of this "Mission Impossible." I'm heading further uptown, into Black Harlem now. I'm curious to see it, the world of the hustlers, prostitution, entertainment, and business, all combined in one rumbling jungle.

Harlem is a place everybody wonders about, until they see it. In the old days, they say, Harlem was really The Place, the real happening. But things have changed now. Harlem has become a concrete jungle, like so many other inner city areas, but it is still unique, because what happened in those other cities happened here first.

Coming up the subway stairs onto 189th Street, I felt myself tremble as I sensed the fear in the people around me; they were afraid to look back or to the side, and they were a PART of this world, they had nothing to fear, nothing to lose.

I stepped onto the sidewalk of 189th Street and breathed in the cold, stinking air. I looked east toward the powerful East River, and thought of the many, unidentified, who chose that river to be their last home. I looked

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Local Speakers Pinch-Hit At Frontiers Dinner

by Charlene Colvin

It was a star-studded evening at the Bancroft Hotel's Crystal Ballroom as the Saginaw Frontiers International held its 13th annual Project Banquet and surprises seemed to be the order of the day.

After a beautiful dinner, with music by the well-known Reggie Roberts Trio, there were brief remarks from several public officials; Carl C. Poston brought greetings from City Hall, standing in for Mayor Paul Wendler; Mrs. James Harvey spoke for her husband who had been unable to attend; and representative James O'Neil brought best wishes from the State House of Representatives.

Mr. John Moton, in his own irrepressible style, introduced other important guests in the audience, among them Judge Eugene Snow Huff, Representative Robert D. Young, E. Brady Denton, Dr. Jack Taylor, James Gaertner, James Vitany, Joe Stephens and many others.

Master of Ceremonies Tim Foster then introduced the president of the Frontiers Club, Mr. Franklin M. Gary. Mr. Gary made the first surprise announcement of the evening, that the speaker, Dr. Robert Brown of Washington, had been called into a special meeting with the President and Mr. Kissinger. Also, the alternate speaker that Washington had sent had been delayed by an accident at O'Hara Airport in Chicago.

Since there were so many distinguished and knowledgeable guests present, Mr. Gary announced that two of these had been asked to fill in. The first was Dr. Jack Taylor, superintendent of schools in Saginaw.

Opening his talk on the school funding proposals which will be on the November 7th ballot, Dr. Taylor said to Mr. Gary, "We invited someone from the White House this fall, too, you know."

Dr. Taylor then explained, as he has been busy doing for the last several weeks, importance of Proposals C and D. Proposal C would provide for state funding of local school districts, and would mean discontinuing the property tax as a way to pay for schools. He said, "The Saginaw Board of Education strongly endorses Proposal C as a stable form of continuing school financing."

Proposal D, he said, goes along with this, by permitting a graduated income tax, instead of the present flat rate. The increased tax revenue would then pay for state financing of schools. Thus, the two proposals go hand in hand.

Dr. Taylor urged everyone to take this opportunity to improve Saginaw's school system, by giving it a reliable source of support.

The second speaker was a project director of one of the projects served by the Frontiers Club, Mr. Tim Foster of the Urban 4-H program.

Mr. Foster said that 4-H is being brought into the inner-city, and added, "I don't mean we're bringing the cows and pigs and chickens." He explained that 4-H is now expanding to include subjects and skills that can be used by inner-city youth, such as sewing, woodworking, small engine repair, food preparation and planning, nutrition, interior decorating, photography and many others.

In the eighteen months the urban program has been in operation, it is estimated that over 700 youngsters have been involved. As well as learning skills, 4-H'ers do such things as represent their club at the State Fair, and attend the annual 4-H Bonanza on the campus of Michigan State University.

Said Mr. Foster, "Our youngsters are out there, and they need your involvement and your support."

Everyone seemed to feel, after these two fine presentations, that they were just as beneficial, on the very practical local level, as any that a visiting speaker could have made, and the applause was genuine.

Then came a part of the Frontiers banquet that everyone looks forward to each year, the presenting of the club's three major awards. The presentations were made by the chairman of the Awards Committee, Rev. Joseph Weathersby.

The first of the awards was the Business and Industry Award, which went to Eaton Manufacturing, for its fine record as an equal opportunity employer.

Next was the Community Service Award. This was presented to Mrs. Vera Hayes, for her outstanding contribution to the Sickle-Cell Anemia Foundation. Mrs. Hayes's organization, the Triangle Club, which i a part of the YWCA, held fashion show earlier thi year, from which all the pro ceeds went to the Foundation Mrs. Hayes has been activ in community service, par ticularly working with youn women, and with the Study Culture Club, a well-know women's group, for man years.

An unusual second Com munity Service Award wa presented this year to Mr Eugene J. Wenzloff, who i presently District Commis sioner for the area Boy Scou Council. Mr. Wenzloff too this position at a time whe volunteers were desperatel needed, and went on t achieve an unprecedented success in recruiting an training volunteers of al races.

The prestigious Fron tiersman of the Year Award which has been received i the past by Carl C. Poston Dr. John Carter, and Rube Daniels, among others, was presented this year to a very surprised Mr. Franklin M. Gary, current president of the Frontiers Club.

In accepting the award, Mr. Gary said, "This award belongs to the community, for I believe that no man makes himself without the help of others."

This simple statement sums up very neatly the underlying philosophy of the Frontiers International, the giving of oneself to others, and the acknowledgement of the same gift in return.

Following the introduction of the officers and members of the Frontiers Club, the evening was concluded with a benediction pronounced by the Rev. Harold C. Huggins.

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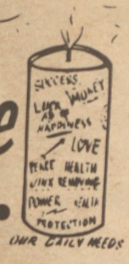

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Summer Course Begins Career For Carolyn Carter

Every teenager has plans, hopes, even dreams about what he is going to do with the rest of his life, and 17-year-old Carolyn Carter, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover Carter, 4656 South Michelle Drive, is no exception.

Professional modeling is a tough, competitive, and strenuous career, but Carolyn, now a senior at Buena Vista High School, decided a long time ago that this was the work she wanted to do. And last summer she took a giant step toward beginning that career by spending six weeks at the Joan Jewett Career School in Lansing.

It all started last spring when the Jewett School, as many schools do, sent a representative to Buena Vista High School to talk with interested students. Carolyn was one of those students; she found that the course she wanted was an expensive one, but when you have made up your mind, as Carolyn had, finances don't seem that important.

So Carolyn and her parents contacted the school, and the arrangements were made.

The first thing that happened when she arrived was the taking of a "before" picture (which in Carolyn's case probably wasn't too different from the "after" picture).

Next, a decision had to be made as to whether Carolyn would enter the basic, or the professional modeling class, and for this she was auditioned by the school's staff members. And on the basis of several things, including height, features, experience, and general know-how, Carolyn was placed, along with six other lovely young ladies, in the professional class. By the way, Carolyn was the only black girl in the group.

Then the hard part began. Carolyn and the other students were busy from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, perfecting poses, pivots, and turns, learning exercises to keep the figure in shape, studying the finer points of specialized make-up, hair care and various hair styles, and learning the special requirements of high fashion.

Carolyn learned that there are two types of professional modeling. The first is fashion modeling, which consists mostly of showing designer originals to buyers at fashion shows. Here, the important thing is how well the model can wear clothes and strike poses which show the designs off the best. There is also photographic modeling, which basically means modeling for a camera instead of for an audience. This includes showing make-ups and other products for magazine layouts and other photographic displays, and also being "cover girl" for various women's magazines.

An interesting sideline to photographic modeling is modeling for television. Carolyn had a chance to study this as well, and in fact even taped two commercials during the course.

For photographic and television modeling, it is important to have good skin and facial features, and to look as pretty to the camera as to the eye.

At the end of the course, the school's staff made a recommendation to each girl, as to whether she was better-suited for fashion, or for photographic modeling. And Carolyn was happy to discover, after her weeks of hard work, that she was considered equally well qualified for both types.

So at the end of six weeks, Carolyn was a trained professional model. But the story doesn't, by any means, end there.

Even though she needs no further qualifications, and could begin her career immediately, Carolyn has wisely decided she wants to complete high school. However, she is still in frequent contact with the Jewett School, and the placement service there will soon be showing her photographs to New York modeling agencies and placing her career in the hands of one of them. Also, in April, Carolyn will be spending a few days in New York attending a modeling convention. Then after her high school graduation, she plans to move to New York to begin building her modeling career.

She also hopes, later on, to move from modeling into an acting career, as many models do.

Carolyn Carter, no doubt about it, has made her big move, her first step, from being just one student among hundreds at Buena Vista High, toward being a successful professional New York model. She is a fine example of what many young people have done, and what many more can do, through curiosity, determination, hard work, family encouragement, and confidence in their own natural talents.

The Valley Star wishes Carolyn great success in her career, and hopes other young people will be encouraged by her example, to "reach out for a better tomorrow."

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The Road to Hell
(from Page 1)

around, so this is Harlem. Harlem, U.S.A., with the cans rattling, the cats yowling, the dogs barking; there's no place in the world like Harlem at 3:00 a.m. And nobody in his right mind would be on the streets of Harlem at 3:00 a.m. But here I am, and I wouldn't exactly say that I'm in my right mind. I admit to feeling a little afraid, but this only tells me that my work is just that much more important, trying to make sure others do not have to be afraid.

The streets of Harlem are far from deserted, looking around, I see hustlers, prostitues, pick-up artists, even sight-seers, you name it. Some things are noticeably absent: policemen, taxicabs; they just don't come around. Passing a phone booth, I can't help seeing that the whole change box has been ripped right out of it.

I talked to an old man, sitting on the steps along the street, cold and shivering. He said to me, "Son, could you give me a quarter, I'm really hungry, and I need a drink." I asked him, "Which one do you want the worst, something to eat or the drink?" "Well, I know if I asked you for food," he said, "you'd tell me you don't have enough money to buy food, but if you just give me a quarter to get me over till the morning, I'll pick up something along the way."

I'm usually not a sucker for a panhandler, but this time I had to go for it, because whether he was lying or not, he was in a hell of a bad condition. I gave him a quarter.

But this isn't what I'm here for. My job, talking to dope addicts, was not hard to do in Harlem. Because you can see the pushers leading their victims into blind streets, and seconds later they're staggering out, waving their hands. You can see the real cool dresser, in his Fifth Avenue clothes, dressed to kill. And believe me he is out there killing, killing innocent people, with his poison.

But the cat says to you, "Man, I had to do something, and this is the best thing I could come across. And I got it made, you know." He's got it made, destroying the sisters and the brothers.

How do you talk to a person like this? You know that his life depends on destroying the lives of others. Do you ask him, "Do you enjoy your work?" You don't dare ask him that. This is just about how it breaks down: if you want to die, become a junkie, and if you want to live, become a pusher.

I asked a young man on the street, straight out, was he a junkie.

"Hell, no, man," he said, "what the hell do you mean, am I a junkie?"

"I noticed you looked a little funny," I said.

He laughed, "Everyone up here looks kind of funny."

"Do you take hard drugs?" I asked him.

"Yeah."

"For how long?"

"Since I was ten years old."

"What does it do for you?"

"It makes me feel good, it makes me feel like doing my thing."

"What is your thing?"

"Ripping somebody off, knock somebody in the head, snatch a purse, so I can get more dope."

"Do you mean this is all you live for?"

"Yeah, that's all there is to do, and that's what I do. I rip off, I get high, and that's my world." Then he looked at me and said, "Say, who the hell are you anyway?"

"I'll tell you the truth," I said, "I', just a plain, country-boy newspaperman."

"Well what the hell you want this information for? Everybody knows we dope addicts up here, everybody knows we're taking dope up here, so what do you want to know about it for?"

I told him I had heard about the situation in hypothetical cases, and read about it, mostly fixed documents, but I wanted to get it straight from him from the user, the man on the streets, the thug, the hustler, the mugger. "If you've got nerve enough to tell it to me," I said, "then I've got nerve enough to stand here and listen."

And we began to talk. For the first time that night, I started to relax. The tension began to loosen, and I felt less afraid. I felt that even though everyone there was out to do somebody in, I still had something in common with this young man. He began telling me about prostitutes he knew, how they began at age twelve or thirteen, how the pushers turn into junkies. The pusher then has to sell to feed his habit, and his income is going right back into his own arm.

The whole scene is like a can of worms, the big ones eat up the little ones, until finally there are two big worms left, and they have to destroy each other. A can of worms, eating each other alive. Not beautiful but true. We're telling it like it is, walking up those filthy streets, down the noisy alleys.

So far my luck had run good, so I pushed it. I called to a particularly pretty prostitute, saying I wanted to talk to her about something.

"Yeah, baby," she said, coming over to me, "but we don't have to talk, you know. If you got what it takes, we can go right ahead and do what you want to do."

"Well, I don't think I want to do what you think I want to do. I really want to talk to you."

"Talk to me? What the hell you wanna talk to me about?"

"I want to talk about you."

"OK," she said, "I got a minute, now talk."

I said I wanted to really have a conversation with her, in private. But again the question came, was I a nark, a cop? I assured her I was nothing like that, no kind of a cop, and that I really just wanted go talk with her.

"So what do you want to talk to me about?"

"I want you to tell me a story, about yourself, and about the people you know."

"Oh, you're one of them guys, one of them pen freaks."

"No, I'm just a guy with a job to do, and I thought I could do it best by coming straight to you and getting the real story. And I can pay you for your time."

"In that case, let's go."

We started by talking about how she ventured into prostitution. She went way back to her grade school days, when the other kids laughed at her because she was dirty and raggedy. And in her first year in high school, the boys didn't pay her any attention, the girls called her a slob, and talked about her mother and father. And she felt that some where there had to be an escape from this. Finally, around the age of 14, she realized she was maturing physically; the boys began to look at her, and she began to feel different, as if someone cared about her. So her body became the password for her. She accpeted that as long as she had to get by in this world and couldn't do it with her knowledge, she had to figure out the next best thing, and it turned out to be her body.

She told about the first time that she was picked up by three men in a car and taken to a cheap motel, and given whiskey, cigarettes and money. She didn't know what to do, but she was afraid not to do what they wanted. That was the beginning of what she called one of the most hell-fired lives anyone would live. By the time she was fifteen, she had been a prostitute for sixteen months. She had clipped, mugged, stuck up (armed and unarmed), she had a pimp who was using drugs to the tune of $300-$400 a day. And she had to turn over that much a day or she knew he would kill her. Any day she came home with less than a thousand dollars, she could expect a beating such only an addict in need could give. She had suffered four miscarriages in three years, caused by a hard kick in the stomach till she would hemmorhage and lose the child, delivered by her butcher-pimp-boyfriend.

This is the kind of life she led, she was afraid to go away, because there was no place to go back to. Her life became a painful one, for her and for her customer too, because she had to get every dime he had. When she turned a trick, she had to bust him, if it meant knocking him in the head, holding him up with a gun, putting a blade to his throat, this is what she did. Many times she led her trick into an apartment house, then took the money and ran, leaving the man with four or five savages, who would beat and kick him and take everything he had, even the shirt on his back. Once when she did this, she heard the man screaming as she left him, "What have you done to me?" She dropped to her knees as she heard his screams, and wept, "My God, how have I gotten myself into this life?"

But it was too late to stop then. She was too far gone. She has been on the street now for eight of her 23 years, as a full-fledged prostitute, for the last eight years, and the only thing she has to show for it are bruises, scars, and pains, both physical and mental.

"Sure, my man's got a beautiful pad, he's got a beautiful car, he's got beautiful clothes, and he's got other beautiful women too, but he don't allow me in his pad no more. I'm not good enough, I'm just one of his junkies on the street, and this is why you do it and keep on doing it. If you did just one thing with your life since you were fifteen years old, and never learned anything different, where would you start now?" A tough question, for me or anyone else to answer.

I told her I would at least begin to make some plan, to think about what I would do. Just about anything would be an improvement over the misery of her present life. That girl's story is probably not to different from any other street girl or dope addict in Harlem.

Suddenly remembering that there was such a thing as time, I saw that my watch said 4:00 a.m. I began to feel I had pushed this luck of mine about far enough, and began to look for a cab to take me back to my Manhattan hotel. It was like looking for a thousand-dollar bill on the sidewalk. Cab drivers feel it's a waste of time to take a fare up to Harlem, because he's sure not going to get one to bring back. But I did try to find one, because I was genuinely afraid of the subway at that time of night.

Walking quickly down Amsterdam Avenue, the one place in the world where anything could happen to you and on one would care, I stumbled into an older person lying in the street. I bent

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ROAD TO HELL
From Page 4

over and asked, "What's wrong, have you been robbed?" There was no answer. I knelt and touched him, he was cold and shaking. If I could help this man, I had to do it, even if I was taking a chance. So I lifted the person up, dragged him to the side of the street, out of the way, and propped him there, and began to look for a policeman (which by the way I did not see until I got back to my hotel). Finally I began to talk to the person, as he was shaking and mumbling, trying to say something.

It dawned on me then that the person was nearly dead of an overdose, but was gradually coming out of it. So I asked him what had happened. He just looked at me and trembled and mumbled and shook. What a world, I thought, to be living in. He just mumbled and I couldn't understand a word he said. His whole body was shaking. His nails were like steel, white. I just stood there for a few minutes, realizing there was nothing I could do but stand there. Finally I walked away, shaking my head, hoping somebody would come along who would know what to do for this poor man.

Again I tried to spot a cab, with no luck. I finally realized I had walked almost ten blocks, and gave up on the cab and headed down into the next subway chute. Nervously, I pushed my thirty-five cents through the cashier window, took my token, put it in the turn style and walked through. As I paced around the platform, waiting for the downtown train, I noticed some of the late night riders waiting with me. I walked over to one of them and said, "Hey, friend, how are things going for you?"

"Things ain't going worth a damn," he said, " and never have been."

"Sorry," I said, "I didn't want to get personal, just passing the time."

"I don't give a damn what you're doing just do it someplace else."

"OK, hope I didn't offend you."

"No. By the way, give me five dollars."

"I don't believe I've got fifteen cents, if I had five dollars, would I be riding the subway downtown?"

"What you got in that bag?" He motioned toward my camera bag.

"Not too much really, it's just something I carry aroung with me, to work on."

"Don't hand me no shit, man, what the hell you got in there?"

"OK man, alright, I got a camera in here, if that pleases you, I got a camera."

"Where'd you get it from?"

"It's mine."

"Let's sell the goddamn thing."

"Man, I don't want to sell my camera, I just picked it up on a deal."

"What kind of deal?" he wanted to know.

"Just a deal, you know, man, a quick one." I was trying to let him think the camera was hot and not worth much. I knew I had to be cagey with this one, because he looked dangerous and he had his eye on that camera.

"Man I gotta have five dollars."

"Why do you need five dollars?"

"I got to get myself together, man."

"Man, I said, "if I had to get myself together, I'd need a hell of a lot more than five dollars."

"Look man, I don't want no shit, I gotta have five dollars, and that's where it is."

I figured I might as well go along with the guy, because he seemed upset, and this could be the best possible time to get in on some of the information I really wanted.

Realizing this fellow was one of my prime targets to give me some of the hard information I was looking for, I felt I might as well take a gamble.

"Look," I said, "if you'll cooperate with me, I believe I know where I can get you five dollars."

"Man, let's go, let's go."

"Take it easy, now, which way were you going?"

"We take the train down to 169th Street and get off."

"OK, are you going to be straight with me, and not walk me into some den and get me busted?"

"No, man, I won't let nobody hurt you, I gotta have that money."

That was when we began to talk about some of those hard feelings of needing a fix, and I picked up my camera and we paced the platform together, waiting for our train.

I asked him what it felt like to be on dope, and to want dope.

"The first thing I want to tell you is, a dope addict will kill his mother, his daddy, his children, anything that gets in his way, he'll destroy it to get his fix. And that's the way I am. I have been through hell, I've been through every kind of destruction you name. But I don't know what to do. I been cut, I been shot, I been beat by policemen, I been to jail and to prison, and you name it."

He talked about the times when he tried to go on dry treatments, about the times he was put in jail to suffer without any kind of medications, or any relief. He felt he would do anything in the world to stay out of jail, if it meant killing himself.

But yet he hasn't enough strength to do anything to get off of drugs. He felt drugs were his ruler, his god; there was nothing he could do to defeat it. He would rob, steal, kill if necessary, to feed the hunger for drugs in his body. He talked about the times when he would lie in the alley and suffer in the cold from drugs, and times that he would wake up in the morning, cold and shaking like he didn't have a drop of blood in his body. He talked about the times when he'd been shot, and it was two days before he realized he'd been shot, when he woke up in a hospital.

That is the life of the addict: constant pain, constant fear of not being able to feed the monster that has invaded his body. So he travels from one alley to another trying to feed that desire that has built up, uncontrollable, inside of him.

And I said to him, "Is there more you could tell?"

"If you got all night, just come with me, because when I get my fix, I can tell you anything. About the stars, the moon, the heavens, and hell, too. You name it and I know it, I've been there."

"Thanks," I said, and running my hand in my pocket, I pulled out my last $20, the money I had known I would need to buy information in Harlem. "Here, pal, maybe five was what you needed tonight, but here's another $15."

He snatched it out of my hand, and that poor guy took off running, he didn't wait for the train. I believe he ran all the way down to the 169th Street station, ten blocks.

But that's how it is in Harlem, when you get what you've got, and it's hurting you bad. You have to take care of it the best way you can, and that's how he was living, taking care of it the best way he could.

I'm closing up shop for tonight. Tomorrow I'll be in the Village and I pray to God it won't be this bad.

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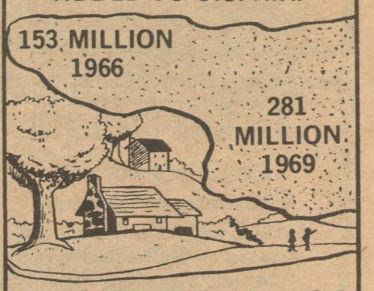

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To the Editor

Hello Mr. Colvin,

Maybe you have forgotten me, but I try to get the Valley Star as often as possible. It gets better every year. My son and I miss our many friends and relations in Saginaw, although we love our new home. The Church News and People's Talk is my favorite, although I pray to see the day when my people learn to take better care of their neighborhoods. I could say alot on that subject because I have rental property on South 5th Street, and many times I shed tears when I visit there. When will our people learn to let the trash and garbage collectors do their job? By putting it where they can get it. Maybe people like you and your staff can help, we truly need big hearts along with big cars. Right on Brother.

May God Bless You
Florence Geyton Scott

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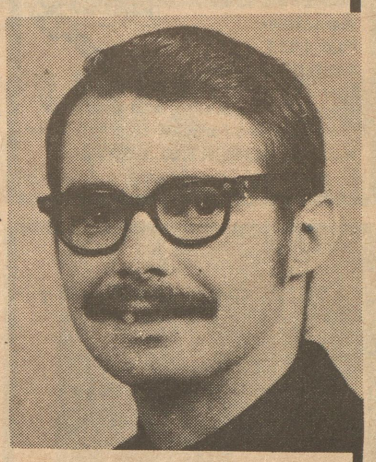

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Mrs. Griffin Visits Saginaw, Tours First Ward Community Center

SHOWN ON PHOTO ABOVE, at left, Bob William, Mrs. James Harvey, Mike Buman and Mrs. Robert Griffin.

The delightful and lively wife of Senator Robert Griffin visited Saginaw last week, one of over 150 stops she has made on her campaign trail since Labor Day.

Mrs. Griffin, who likes to be called "Margie", talked to the Valley Star about this year's campaign:

"The Senate in Washington went so late this year that I felt I should, as a wife, get out and do a little work for my husband while he was caught in Washington voting on these important measures before the United States Senate. So after Labor Day, I have been on the road ten to fifteen hours a day, going around the whole state of Michigan and it has been a real education and a real thrill for me."

During the campaign, Mrs. Griffin considers herself, "another set of eyes and ears, to go around and listen to people's troubles and report back to my husband. That's the way I view my role." Mrs. Griffin is by no means new to political campaigning; she explained, "Sixteen years ago when Bob first ran for Congress, he took one side of the street and I took the other side and I have been working for him for sixteen years, every election the same way."

Mrs. Griffin stated frankly that she felt it was very important that Senator Griffin be re-elected this year one of the reasons is that the Senator was elected one of the two Republican floor leaders in the senate. She said, "Because he does have this position, we feel he can do more for Michigan than a new man coming in who's never been on the hill."

Asked about the war in Vietnam as an issue in the campaign, Mrs. Griffin was optimistic, stating, "I know my husband feels that peace is probably going to happen very soon, maybe not before the election, but hopefully the signs are pointing toward a quick settlement in Vietnam and we pray that this is true, whether it's before election or not. I don't believe Senator Griffin feels it's completely in Mr. Nixon's control, because it always takes two to make an agreement, and you have to get the other side's agreement, too."

Picture of the Week

BRADY DENTON, JR, Saginaw County Prosecuting Attorney accepts a challenge with a smile.

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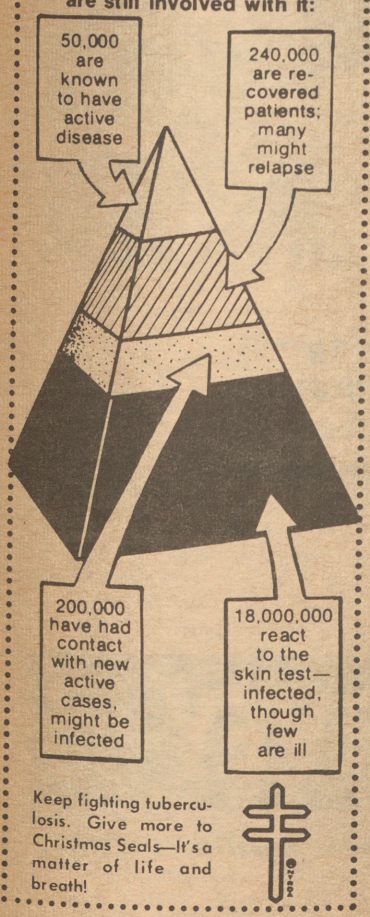

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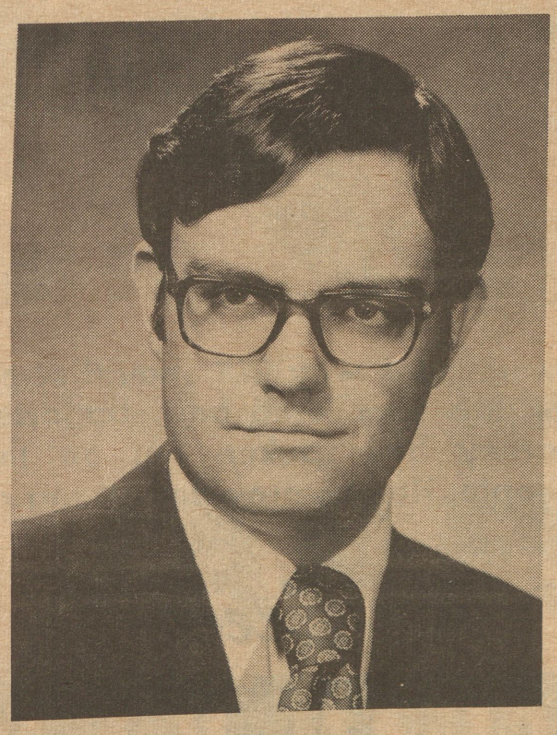

- - - The Saginaw News

October 20, 1972

for Prosecuting Attorney

(REPUBLICAN)

[X] Former Assistant Prosecutor

[X] Practicing Attorney

[X] Lifelong Saginaw Resident

[X] Endorsed by the Saginaw News

E. BRADY DENTON, JR.

Wealth in Your Horoscope

BY: Sandra Cormier

ARIES - You are not concerned with the accumulation of money for its own sake but you do try to see that you have money to spend when you want to spend it, which is likely to be often. Money usually slips through your hands without your knowledge. Success for your sign, comes through a acquiring the ability to control the impulsive buying to which you are given.

TAURUS - Yours is the true money sign of the zodiac. You strive to accumulate money and fine personal possessions because these things represent security. You might have to guard against becoming greedy. You definitely don't take chances with your money. What you spend is spent wisely and with an eye to permanent value. Only hard work can bring you what you want. One day you will truly be wealthy.

GEMINI - You enjoy maneuvering money, and there is nothing you like better than taking risks. Slow gains tend to bore and frustrate you, you want to see quick results. There is an element of luck in your sign which aids you in getting rich. Most money you make goes back into some elaborate scheme to make bigger and better money. You are quite generous with your money.

CANCER - Money is important to you; you are very careful in your spending and always aware of where your money is going. You are likely to spend a good portion of your money on home surroundings. You tend to worry too much about money matters, and debts weigh heavily on you until they are paid. Steady perserverance is likely to bring you a certain amount of wealth.

LEO - You are the world's most notorious big - spender. You like to make lavish first impressions and spend alot of money on flashy clothing or showing your friends a good time. You are often the gambler and tend to be quite lucky in this area. Try to be honest in your ways of making your money. Don't squander away your money or you will spend your twilight years in poverty.

VIRGO - You worry a great deal about money matters. You are the most careful spender of the zodiac and you always buy quality. You understand the true value of money. You strive for as much security in life as you can. You like to invest in things that will become more profitable over the years. You are honest in your dealings and expect others to be the same.

LIBRA - Your social dealings are more important to you than money matters. The financial side of your life seems to be one you are totally unaware of. Money comes to you one way or the other! You like to spend money to make others happy. You have simple taste and don't spend money on lavish things. You spend money as it comes and because of this will probably never be truly wealthy.

SCORPIO - You always know just where the money is and how to make it yours. You are not easily fooled in your monetary dealings. You are capable of being a truly lavish spender when motivated, and your best motivation is love. Life is a long series of successes for you. If you decide that wealth is what you want out of life then its what you'll get.

SAGITTARIUS - Your idealism backs away from purely monetary thoughts. But you are generous with the money you possess. A lack of money worries you. When your friends need help you are the first one to see that they get it. You are lucky in the financial area of life. You are apt to spend a good portion of your income on travel. Wealth is very likely to be yours one day.

CAPRICORN - Status is important to you; as is security. You think everything over carefully before you act. Your investments are tried and true ones. Capricorns never dwindle their money away or take unneccessary risks. Hard work and perserverence are things you believe are necessary to be successful. True wealth is a manifest in your future.

AQUARIUS - You do not dwell on the matter of finances, but you know that it plays an important part in your life. You are willing to work for a living. Aquarians never chain themselves to work to insure money. Your finest quality is your ability to think progressively. Wealth is likely to come in spurts here and there through out your life. You could be truly wealthy eventually if you tighten up your belt; and take a more serious attitude.

PISCES - Personal comfort is important to you, as is your freedom. You utilize your income to insure that you will have these things at all times. You dislike being without money but there is a lazy streak in your nature which must be overcome. Sometimes you can be swindled out of money. This must be guarded against. Your intuition is the best in the zodjac and there is a chance that you may become wealthy one day. Keep a tight rein on your "charity spending".

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NOVEMBER 7

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REPUBLICAN

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(Paid political advertisement—8th District Committee for Harvey, Ivan Foerster, Treasurer)

Daily Permit System Promotes Quality Hunting

LANSING - - Michigan sportsmen are reminded that the entire November 15-30 firearm deer season at the Gratiot-Saginaw and Shiawassee River state game areas will come under a daily permit system to promote quality hunting.

The controlled hunts, in regulating hunter numbers, are designed to give participating sportsmen more "elbow room" spread shooting success, and prevent the areas' deer herds from being chased onto neighboring private lands by excessive gun pressure.

Under this system, pre-registrations to hunt have been required at both game areas for the November 15-19 period and November 23 (Thanksgiving Day). However, only November 15 and 16 have been filled to the permit limit at the Shiawassee River State Game Area.

Aside from that, non-registered hunters still have a chance to get in on the action at both areas by appearing for early-morning permit drawings.

The check-in stations for those drawings are:

Gratiot-Saginaw State Game Area; field office on Meridian Road, 1/2 mile north of Hayer Road; and Shiawassee River State Game Area, field office at St. Charles.

At the Gratiot-Saginaw station, daily drawings for permits will be held through the November 15-30 season among hunters who appear there between 5 and 6 a.m. Only 200 sportsmen will be allowed to hunt at one time at that area.

As mentioned, pre-registrations have left no permits available at the Shiawassee River area on November 15 and 16. However, for the balance of the season, this area will follow the Gratiot-Saginaw system of daily drawings to determine permit holders. The permit quota at the Shiawassee River site is 70.

DNR wildlife officials assure that all previously registered hunters for the 2 areas will be guaranteed an opportunity to hunt before the drawings are held.

The also point out that antlerless deer hunting permits for these game areas will be issued daily among a drawing of sportsmen who appear and apply there each day at 6 a.m. Such permits will be issued until the quota of antlerless deer is reached at the Gratiot-Saginaw Area (60) and at the Shiawassee River site (20).

DNR wildlife officials stress that regular antlerless deer permits for Area 74, already issued by mail, are not valid for either of these state game areas.

Political Poetry

Who will win this election
Must stand up to perfection
Whoever wins must stand tall
And make sure the states won't fall
If you watch the television
The Gallup Polls pick Richard Nixon
You know one of his affiliates
Was involved with the Watergate
He's really acting cool and calm
He says he's working on Vietnam.

I really don't have a choice
Because I don't have a voice
(that means I'm not old enough to vote)
If he would help us with love and care
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McGovern says he is sure he can
We'll really see if he's the man.

If McGovern wins by a few
His help has come from you
So vote for McGovern in'72.

Van Colvin
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colvin

Connie Ann Wilson is Chosen 1972 CMU Homecoming Queen

MT. PLEASANT - Only about one Central Michigan University student in 100 is black, but Connie Ann Wilson proved to be one in a million with fellow students this fall. In one of the largest voter turnouts in recent years, CMU students easily elected Miss Wilson 1972 Homecoming Queen, making her the first black Homecoming Queen in the University's 80-year history. A petite sophomore majoring in elementary education, Connie says of her election, "I'm proud to represent my people this way." She emerged from 16 candidates nominated by her campus residence hall to win the Homecoming Queen election over four other campus-wide candidates. There are about 200 blacks at CMU and Connie won the election by some 500 votes. Of that fact, she says, "I'm especially proud of the fact that so many white students were willing to vote for a black Homecoming Queen." Miss Wilson is from Saginaw, Michigan.

**** RE - ELECT ****

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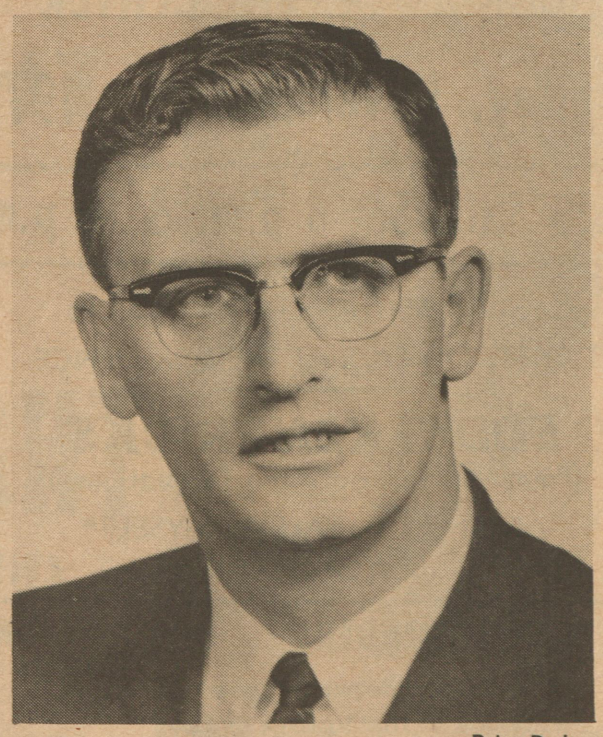
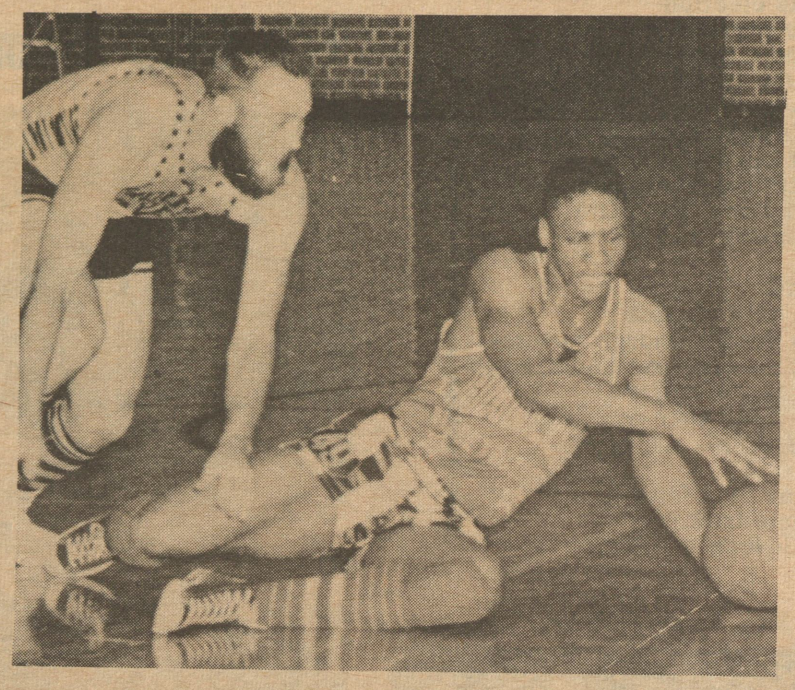


Pd. Pol. Adv.

Basketball Player Feels Neglected



Local Saginaw Black athletic is very concerned about the appearance of the Harlem Globe Trotters basketball team, Mrs. Andy Shepard, former all-valley and all-state basketball player from Saginaw High School. Andy is internationally known and founder of the original Harlem Showboats featuring: Andy Shepard, world's greatest hook-shot artist and a great showman.

Approximately one year ago, Andy wrote to the Globe Trotters home office and inquired about joining the touring team but until this day he hasn't heard one word from the team manager. He feels he is still qualified and physically able to perform as well as ever.

Andy also stated that he spent three years as an under-study of the great Goose Tatum and feels that he has learned all the tricks and trades as a basketball showman.

Andy felt that with the Harlem Globe Trotters making their first visit to the Saginaw Civic Center, it would be a great opportunity to have such a brilliant, as well as local Saginawian, to perform with the Globe Trotters to make this debut an Andy Shepard Day.

Miss Brenda Sanderson Crowned Bridgeport Homecoming Queen

MISS BRENDA SANDERSON CROWNED BRIDGEPORT HOMECOMING QUEEN

BRIDGEPORT QUEEN AND CONTESTANTS

Wednesday, October 18, was a very exciting day for Bridgeport High. It was the day they found out who was their 1972 homecoming queen.

The assembly started out with the football players marching in to line the walk way for the girls. Following them came two girls from each class (excluding the seniors) dressed in matching skirts and sweaters. Next came the contestants, for the queen title, escorted by members of the football team. Each of the girls wore their choice of colors in beautiful velvet gowns.

After the girls were introduced they sang the song "Imagine", with the choir following, singing "Let There Be Peace on Earth". Then came the moment everyone was waiting for, the announcement of the 1972 Homecoming Queen, Miss Brenda Sanderson. Brenda, crying and trying to smile at the same time was presented the autographed football by Co-Captains of the team, Randy Hansen and John Anderson.

But that wasn't all for Miss Sanderson and her runner-ups; Donna Bow, Miriam Brown, Michele Fowler, and Joan Housner; they had the Homecoming game Friday, October 20, where Brenda was to be crowned.

Although Bridgeport didn't win, it sure didn't stop the crowd from cheering when the girls were escorted across the field by their fathers. Rita Watt, Bridgeport Homecoming Queen of 1971, crowned Miss Sanderson, daughter of Mrs. Kenneth Sanderson, 6250 King Road, and the late Mr. Sanderson.

Along with the ceremony, each class had their own float with the girls, selected by class, riding them. They were: Freshmen, Lynn Hart and Janice Billmier; Sophomores, Chris Kozak and Joan Rodarte; Juniors, Sherry Ruggles and Linda Arnst.

CONGRATULATIONS BRENDA AND GIRLS!

Pat Boone Visited Midland

Despite the cold, windy weather Sunday, October 15, Pat Boone performed an incredible concert for the people of Mid-Michigan. His purpose in coming was to help President Nixon become re-elected.

Mr. Boone is backing the President because he feels "he is the best man, a professional man." Professional because he has had "on the job experience." A close friend of Mr. Boone's is Sammy Davis, Jr., who views the President as practice and humanitarian, and he has a plan that works.

The three year old singer feels the most important issue in this campaign is "moral direction". "President Nixon has set the standard for moral existence and the rights of others including the talks with Russia and China. Nixon has taken strong steps to clear things up."

"I'm a registered Democrat in California" said Pat, "but I've always been Republican." The reason is due to a friend who was running for the office of Lieutenant Governor under the Democrat ticket.

Other dignitaries visiting the area Sunday were Judge Gary Coleman and Judge James Thorburn candidates for the Supreme Court of Michigan.

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"CAN I" "ALL BY MYSELF"

"IF YOU LET ME"

THE PERSUADERS

"Thin Line Between Love and Hate"

"Peace in the Valley of Love"

THE PEPSTEPERS

(Pato Recording Artists)

EMCEE'S - DON JUAN - DANCING DOUG OF WWWS RADIO - FM

Matthews Marathon Entertains Ball Club After 9-1 Season

Owned and operated by Leonard and Leroy Matthew, were host for the Season-End party Saturday, October 21, at the Local 467 Hall. The Marathon is an all-girl traveling team who travel throughout Central and Western Michigan. Their season ended with a fantastic record of 9 and 1. Team manager Al Robertson stated they have to give alot of credit to his ace pitcher Miss Joyce Belosh, who pitched two shut-outs and finished with a fantastic earn run average of 2.37. He also commented on his slugging shortstopper and outfielder Doris Cannady. The party was filled with well wishes, as well as team players from other clubs. There were lots of drinks, live music, and plenty of food for everyone.

Brenda Gibbs, Joyce Belosh, Nadine Jackson, Nora Westbrook, Malody Collins, Linda Adams, Charlotte McMillan, Debra Parham, Betty Smith, Doris Cannady, Inez Hinton, Doll Smith, Sandra Johnson, Addie Laaury, Cynthia Hood.

The Valley Star salutes the Marathon team. RIGHT ON!

Big Brothers Newest Caseworker

BY CHARLENE COLVIN

The newest staff member at Big Brothers of Saginaw is Mr. Lucky Baber, a native of Saginaw, a recent graduate of Grand Valley State College at Grand Rapids, and a certified teacher.

Mr. Baber has been with Big Brothers for just three weeks, but has had a chance to see some of the agency's fine work as well as some of the problems it faces.

One of the things that has accounted for some limitations in the past, Mr. Baber said, has been lack of funds, especially in the area of community outreach among minority groups. This is a major reason for the shortage of Black and Spanish-American Big Brothers. His own caseload, he explained, numbers about 65, and more than three-fourths of these Little Brothers are Black.

However, a solution seems to be at hand for some of these problems, in the form of a federal grant for the purpose of outreach. Big Brothers can now make plans for the opening of a branch office in the Black community, perhaps in the Multi-Purpose Center or at Houghton Center. Hopefully this will go a long way toward reaching Black and Spanish-American men who are potential Big Brothers, for they are desperately needed.

The main objective of Big Brothers is to bring together one man and one boy in meaningful relationship. They begin with fatherless boys, not necessarily problem or delinquent boys, who are referred by their mothers, their schools, or agencies like the Child Guidance Clinic. Each boy is then matched with a Big Brother who has been carefully screened for background and personality, and ability to relate to a Little Brother. The pairs are matched on the basis of interests, such as sports, and personal compatibility.

Big Brothers does not always match a boy to a man of the same ethnic group; sometimes pairs are cross-matched because there are Big Brothers who are qualified to act as a companion to a boy of any race. But it is often true that ethnic matching is better for the attitude of the boy himself; he is more apt to feel the Big Brother can understand him.

After the selection is made, the boy and his mother meet the Big Brother in the caseworker's office. Here the ground rules are laid down, the Big Brother's responsibility explained, and the basic arrangements made for the Big Brother's visits.

Asked how the mothers usually feel about a stranger becoming part of their sons' lives, Mr. Baber said that the mothers rarely look on the Big Brother as a stranger, and in fact most of the Little Brothers are actually referred by their mothers.

Mr. Baber said that although he wasn't sure what research had been done on the success factor of Big Brothers, he himself know boys who had been Little Brothers and grew up to live successful lives. In fact, some boys who had been Little Brothers have grown up and come back to volunteer as Big Brothers, as well as having happy families of their own.

Asked if any community support is needed other than men to act as Big Brothers, Mr. Baber stated that people are needed to assist during the organization's many recreational activities, such as summer camp and also winter activities. Also the organization tries to provide tutoring to boys who are not doing well in school, and many people who could not actually be Big Brothers might be able to spend some time each week helping a boy with his school work.

If there are among our readers any men who feel they could be a good Big Brother, or any other persons who have meaningful services to offer, please don't wait, but contact the Big Brothers of Saginaw right away and introduce yourself. They'll be glad to hear from you!

It's a matter of Life and Breath!
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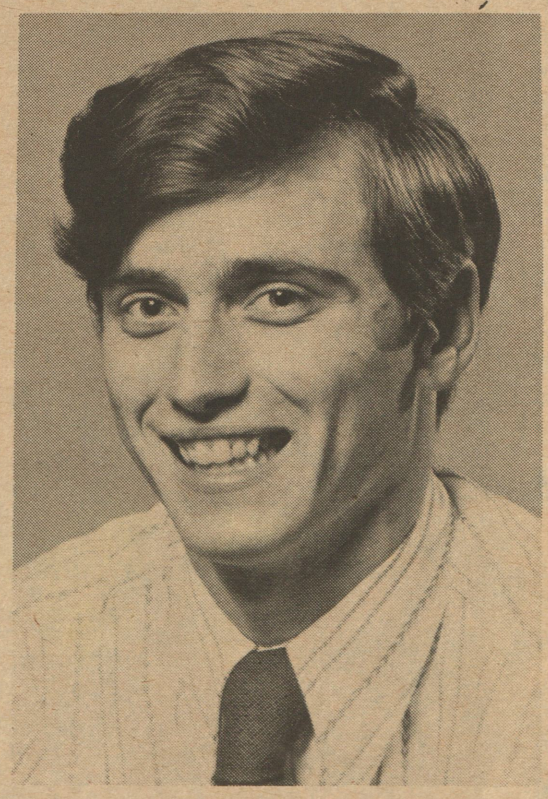

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being black and on the scene can make a big difference

Rapping about what's wrong is popular. But there is a better way to turn the corner than sitting around and rapping. Becoming a State Police Trooper is one of the better ways to get the job done. You can do much more in a State Police uniform to help mend problems we know and understand than by sitting around on the sidelines.

what you need

AGE: Must be between the ages of 21 through 30.
EDUCATION: Must have a high school diploma or successfully complete the General Educational Development Test.
HEIGHT & WEIGHT: Must be at least 5'9" (without shoes). Not under 150 lbs. or over 250 lbs.
RESIDENCY: Michigan resident and U.S. citizen.
PHYSICAL: You must be in good physical condition and pass a medical examination and agility test.
BACKGROUND: A thorough character investigation is made of each candidate.
EXAMS: Must pass written examination and oral interview.

salary schedule

TO START	$ 9,688
AFTER ONE YEAR	11,045
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apply

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Michigan State Police
East Lansing, Michigan 48823
Phone: (517) - 373-7965

For a special appointment or further information.

additional benefits

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